

Night Riders

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-21 04:01:24

Updated: 2014-07-07 07:29:27

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:48:39

Rating: T

Chapters: 9

Words: 17,131

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: COMPLETE - Sequel to Stormchaser, OCxOC. After escaping execution for "stealing" a dragon, Sigrid remains a fugitive from her own tribe. She meets Velius Flynn, a bright young inventor and the two become traveling partners, bent on seeing the world and learning new things all while evading Sigrid's fiance, Baldr, who is intent on taking back her and his dragon that she "stole".

1. A Wayward Crow

I've had this sitting on my computer gathering digital dust for a while now and now that I've finished my Blackburn Jaegers twoshot about Krane, I figured why not give this story some attention as we prepare arc 2 of City Shadows? This story is a sequel to Stormchasers and focuses on Sigrid and her dragons as she flees Baldr, who relentless pursues her. This first chapter focuses on how she meets Velius Flynn and his dragons, but later chapters will feature Hiccup and the Berk Vikings, as many have asked about.

I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. Any OCs belong to Zephyros-Phoenix and Dingo-Sniper.

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><p>Sigrid pierced her sword into the stream, once again missing one of the fish that swam through it. "Ugh!" she exclaimed, stomping the ground, which only ended up splashing more water onto her boots and pants. She sharply turned her head to Voltage, her Skrill, as he casually sat on the damp grass along the stream. She narrowed her eyes at him when she heard his throaty chuckle. "Hey! Give me a break! I can track a rabbit or deer and take them down with my bow, no problem! But fishing?" When Voltage gave out a tired and uninterested yawn, Sigrid angrily stomped over to him. "Hey, I'm trying my best here! And don't give me that look! If we don't catch any fish, none of us get to eat tonight," she said. Smog, her young Smothering Smokebreath gave a sad whimper as he looked at Sigrid with

big, gold eyes. "Aw, I know you're hungry Smog," she said, lightly patting him. "Well I'd like to see you try, Voltage."<p>

Voltage gave an annoyed huff as he stood up and stretched his limbs. He marched over to the stream, giving a confident smirk to Sigrid as he passed her. He stepped into the stream before unleashing the electricity stored in his body. Sigrid held up her arms to shield her eyes from the bright light it created. When the light dimmed, Voltage stepped out of the stream and returned to his resting space. Sigrid looked over to see several dead fish piling up in the stream.

"Show off," she muttered. Sigrid picked up a few fish and returned to their roaring fire. By the time her fish was nice and roasted, Voltage and Smog had already downed their share. She was about to take a bite when she noticed something move beside her. She looked down from the corner of her eye to see Smog, sitting obediently as his tail wagged fiercely and he looked at her with big, round eyes. Sigrid sighed before handing Smog her fish, which he happily munched. "I never liked fish anyway," she said, as Smog gave a content little burp.

"Well I guess since you two are taking your post-food nap, I'll go see if I can find something for me to eat," she said, picking up her weapons. She made her way carefully through the wilderness, careful to make as little sound as possible. She found a good hiding spot behind some bushes and waited until something came into sight. She readied her bow and pulled back but stopped when she saw that what entered her sight was human.

The first thing that came to her mind was her greatest fear. Baldr and his friends couldn't possibly have found her this quickly! That lightning bolt they rode when they first escaped had to put them days of flying ahead of Baldr's group. And they only ever stopped for food and rest. They couldn't have caught up to them this quickly! She sheathed her bow and slowly reached for her sword. The boy bent down to examine something, so she took this chance to sneak along the trees to him.

"Oh perfect! These are Shimmer's favorite flowers!" the boy exclaimed, picking the flowers and pocketing them into a small pouch. As he stood, Sigrid took the chance to rush up to him. She swiftly brought her sword to his throat and cupped her hand over his mouth to silence his startled cry.

"Don't move a muscle," she warned. She felt him tense before pushing him against a tree, putting her sword at his throat again.

"Whoa, whoa! Calm down, I surrender!" he pleaded.

"Where did you come from? How did you find me?"

"What? I was just out collecting flowers. I don't even know who you are!" he cried.

Sigrid certainly didn't recognize the boy, which meant that he wasn't a Stormchaser. "Collecting flowers? Please, is that the best excuse you can come up with?"

"It's the truth! My, uh, friend, she likes flowers!" he insisted.

"What this friend's deal? She you girlfriend?" Sigrid asked.

"You can ask herâ€| right now," the boy smiled as Sigrid looked at him in confusion. All of a sudden, she felt something wrap tightly around her foot and lift her upside-down. She dropped her sword and cried out in surprise, struggling to free herself. "Thanks, Shimmer," he sighed, as a Changewing suddenly appeared over him, clinging to the tree.

"A Changewing!" Sigrid cried out in surprise. She looked up to see one of the Changewing's tendrils wrapped securely around her ankle. "You're a dragon rider?"

"Yup. And I wasn't lying; Shimmer really does love flowers," he said, taking the flowers out from his pouch and tossing them into the Changewing's large mouth.

Sigrid was about to say something in response, but was cut out by a thundering roar that echoed through the forest. "Wh-what was that?" the boy asked. Streams of white fire shot into the sky, prompting Sigrid to smirk. Smog suddenly burst out of the bushes and dug his fangs into Shimmer's tendril. She cried out in pain and released Sigrid but just before she hit the ground, Voltage angrily burst through the trees and grabbed her by her hood before lowering her safely to the ground.

"Whoa! A Skrill!" the boy cried, "and a Smothering Smokebreath! I've never seen those dragons before!"

"This is the part where you tell me who you are and I decide whether or not my dragon goes lightning spitter on you!" Sigrid threatened, drawing her bow. Her actions prompted Shimmer to extend her wings and snarl as Voltage and Smog responded in a similar manner. A tiny dragon of green with red stripes appeared by the boy as well, snarling and readying its stinger tail.

"Speed Stingerâ€|" Sigrid gasped.

"Whoa, everyone calm down!" the boy said, moving to stand between both groups as he held out his arms to calm the snarling dragons. "Ok, the name's Velius Flynn, but everyone just calls me Flynn. These are my dragons Shimmer and Milo. I'm from the Tinkerers tribe. And you are?"

"Tinkerers? I never heard of that tribe!" she said, cautiously keeping her bow drawn.

"Yeah, I'm not surprised. The Berserkers did a real number on my tribe years back. I met Shimmer a few months ago, but I knew my tribe wasn't ready for dragons. So, I decided to travel around and hopefully find a way to help my tribe get back on it's feet!" he said proudly. "How about you?"

"Sigrid," she answered. "So, then you're not helping the Stormchasers?"

"Stormchasers? Who're they?" Flynn asked.

"My tribe, though we're not exactly on good terms anymore," Sigrid

answered, lowering her bow as their dragons relaxed.

"Really? What happened?"

"Well, in my tribe, women aren't allowed to learn to fight or train dragons. Voltage, here, was supposed to be trained by the Chief's son, but let's just say he took a liking to me instead," she explained, lowering her bow as Voltage affectionately nuzzled her cheek with his head. "We ran as soon as we were discovered and they've been chasing us since." As she spoke, Voltage and Shimmer walked up to each other, carefully inspecting and sniffing one another while Smog and Milo did the same with each other.

"Ah, so you thought I was working with them right?"

"Yeahâ€¦| sorry about that," she said. "I should've known anyway, Stormchaser men don't collect flowers. As they would say, 'that's a woman's job'."

"Hey, it's cool! It was just a misunderstanding!" he smiled. "Whoa!" he exclaimed, as Voltage suddenly came straight up to him.

"Voltage! Sorry, he's justâ€¦| checking you out, that's all," Sigrid assured him. Voltage sniffed Flynn before backing off, his eyes locked in a narrow gaze at the boy.

"I-it's ok," he laughed nervously. "He's just being protective; I know someone like that," he said, looking over to Shimmer. "So, would you like to come back to our campsite? You must be starving!"

"Actually, I am. I gave my last fish to my little glutton, Smog, here," she said, as Smog affectionately rubbed himself against her leg.

"Great! I'm no hunter, but I'm great at setting traps and caught a few rabbits. Plus Shimmer prefers to eat these flowers and honeycombs, so there's more meat to go around!"

As they sat and talked that night, there wasn't a doubt in Sigrid's mind that this boy couldn't possibly be working for Baldr. For one thing, Flynn didn't know how to fight, and to Vikings like Baldr, that was the most important and only thing he looked for in other male Vikings. She and Smog went to sleep easily that night at Flynn's camp, though Voltage chose to remain awake just in case.

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><p>Since I'm planning on this being a short story, it might move at a faster pace than some of my other ones. But I hope you all enjoy it nonetheless.

Next chapter: Cover of Nightfall - Sigrid sneaks into Berk to steal supplies, but is unaware that Berk has now begun training dragons.

2. Cover of Nightfall

**Yay another chapter :D Just a note: I am intending this story's

pace to be fair quick compared to my other stories since this is more of a side project. But I hope you guys enjoy it anyway!**

* * *

><p>It had been a few months since that nearly hazardous first meeting, but in their time together Sigrid and Flynn became close, as did their dragons. Smog and Milo in particular took a strong liking to each other. They played with each other often, the sight of which always made Sigrid and Flynn laugh together. Her trust in him was only more solidified when he stood by her and helped her repel an attack by Baldr and his friends that still pursued them, despite her insistence that he run while he could to save himself. From then on they decided to travel together. Another rider and his dragons would be welcome aid in repelling Baldr's group and if Flynn was going to ignore her warnings about what he was getting himself into, then so be it. Sure Sigrid was good and Voltage was powerful, but they were still only one dragon and rider. It worked out in their favor too for Flynn since he was already on a quest to travel across the world and visit as many places as he could. Sigrid wouldn't lie; she wouldn't mind visiting new places too. And Flynn would most definitely find the additional company of someone who could talk most welcome. They never stayed on one island for too long, just long enough for Flynn to gather new information about the island's flora and fauna and any new dragons they came across. They had to be careful about Baldr being on their tail.<p>

"So which island is this one?" Sigrid asked, as they flew over the ocean and came closer to the island in front of them. She sat atop Voltage while Smog flew next to her; Flynn sat on Shimmer's saddle while Milo sat securely in a pouch attached to her saddle.

Flynn pulled out his map and fumbled a bit, trying to keep the wind from blowing the map away. "Well, we were on Dragonspine Ridge so this should beâ€¦| Berk!"

"Berk? Isn't that where a Viking tribe lives?" she asked over the roaring wind.

"Yes, the Hairy Hooligans tribe, I believe!"

"Are you sure that's a good place for us to be stopping? Don't they kill dragons?"

"Yeah, but we need to stop to pick up food and supplies. Plus, one of my tools got trashed when your boyfriend attacked us so I need a new one."

"He's not my boyfriend!" she corrected.

"Let's land away from the village. We don't want them to spot us and think we're attacking dragons," Flynn said, quickly changing the topic. They landed far off from the village in the forest before making their way to the village borders on foot. It was nightfall by the time they got there.

"Ok, you stay here and I'll get the supplies," Sigrid said, peering through the bushes to examine the village.

"What? Why?" he asked.

"One person can get by unnoticed, but they might get suspicious with the two of us walking around. They won't realize I'm not from here until they get too close and I can handle myself in a fight," she explained.

"All right, if you insist," Flynn conceded. "And I can handle myself in a fight, just not when they get up close."

"I do insist. Whoa, sorry buddy, but you need to stay here," Sigrid said as Voltage made a move to follow her out of the bushes. He groaned and looked at her with sad eyes while nudging her with his snout. "I know you're stealthy Volt, but if any of those Berk Vikings see you, we're finished. If it makes you feel any better, Shimmer can come with me. She's guaranteed not to be seen."

Voltage gave a defiant grown before he looked over to Shimmer as they exchanged approving nods.

"Ok, I need some new tools, which you should be able to find in the blacksmith's workshop. If you come across any food or fresh water supplies, you might as well stock up too. But don't take more than you can handle!" Flynn warned.

"Food, water and assorted thingamajigs! I'll be fine, Flynn. Just stay here with the dragons. Ready, Shimmer?" Shimmer nodded and instantly disappeared from sight. "Let's go." She stayed behind barrels and corners to avoid the patrolling guards. It reminded her of the times she would sneak over to where Voltage was being kept back on Stormchaser Island. It took her some time, but she managed to locate the blacksmith's workshop. "Ok, assorted tools, assorted tools," she mumbled to herself. "Whatever, Flynn can get a whole new set!" Sigrid didn't bother trying to figure out which specific tool Flynn wanted. Honestly, she didn't even remember which one he wanted. To her, they might as well have all looked the same.

Sigrid felt something touch her shoulder and saw Shimmer appear behind her. Shimmer pointed to the shop entrance with one of her long antennas as she heard approaching voices. "Let's get out of here!" Shimmer nodded and disappeared again. Sigrid dove out of the shop and took cover behind another stack of barrels.

"Man, I'm glad those Speed Stingers are gone," said a female voice.

"Yeah, they really did a number of the village. I'm just glad we managed to get them back on their own island before the ocean thawed," said a boy.

'Speed Stingers? That's Milo's species,' Sigrid thought. She started crawling on the ground to sneak away, but accidentally knocked something off one of the barrels.

"What was that?" asked the girl.

"It came from over here," said the boy.

"Dammit," Sigrid cursed. She waited until the two got closer before kicking over the barrels onto them. She took off through the village when she heard someone shout, "Intruder!" The entire village became

alert as Vikings appeared in front of her. She ran up a hay cart and climbed up one of the houses to reach the upper level of the town. She was about to make a b-line for Flynn, but a large black dragon suddenly appeared before her.

"A Night Fury," she whispered in awe and to her surprise a young boy sat atop it.

"Who are you?" he asked, "Are you a spy for Alvin?"

Sigrid didn't answer and kept her eyes locked on the Night Fury. From what she could recall, Night Furies were in the same class as Voltage: Strike class, characterized by their blinding speed, deadly accuracy, strength and extreme intelligence. Slowly, she reached for her sword, but the snarling dragon noticed her movement and slapped the sword out of her hand with his tail just as she drew it.

"I'll ask again, unless you want to let him ask instead," the boy said with a confident smirk. The Night Fury growled in response, slowly opening its mouth as light purple flames collected within.

'Where's Shimmer?' Sigrid thought to herself, scanning the area behind the Night Fury for any sign of the Changewing. _'She must have gone to get Voltage. Which means that he should be here any second nowâ€¦|'_ As if on cue, a loud, thundering roar echoed through the sky and Voltage landed swiftly right behind her, startling the Night Fury and its rider. Sigrid smirked in response.

"A Skrill?" he cried in shock.

Voltage saw the dragon that threatened his rider and immediately narrowed his eyes into a deathly glare. He stood on high his legs, opening his wings wide and roaring to intimidate the Night Fury. However, the Night Fury was unfazed and only roared in response and opened its wings as well. Voltage charged forward, tackling the Night Fury to the ground and knocking the rider off. As their dragons fought, Sigrid drew her bow and fired an arrow at the boy, but he quickly blocked the shot with a metal shield. Suddenly, the shield opened up and the boy placed a bow inside.

"What the?" Sigrid was so distracted by the transforming shield that she didn't realize he was getting ready to fire a return shot until it was too late. She tried to move out of the way, but the arrow hit her right in her shoulder. She cried out in pain as the arrow pierced her skin and the force of the blow knocked her onto the ground. She clutched her shoulder painfully as her pained whimpers immediately got Voltage's attention. Voltage saw the arrow and quickly deduced what happened. He angrily shoved the Night Fury away before rushing to Sigrid. He roared at the boy as the Night Fury came between them to defend its rider. With the rest of her strength, Sigrid pulled herself onto his saddle.

"Come on, Volt," she mumbled weakly. "Back to Flynn." Voltage nodded and took off, careful not to hurt Sigrid with his movements. The Night Fury gave chase, but the Skrill was gone from sight.

"Hiccup, what was that?" Astrid asked as she jumped off Stormfly.

"Thatâ€¦ that was a Skrill," Hiccup whispered, almost not believing what he saw.

"Yeah, I get that, but who was the girl? She definitely wasn't one of ours," she said.

"I think she was the Skrill's rider," Hiccup answered.

"A rider? With a Skrill? After that crazy Skrill we found in the ice, I thought Skrill couldn't be trained!"

"Well, we all thought all dragons couldn't be trained," Hiccup said, affectionately rubbing Toothless' snout. "Maybe we were wrong about the Skrills. Gather everyone else. We have to find that Skrill and its rider."

"Now? It's the middle of the night!" Astrid argued.

"Which means they could be gone by morning! We have to find that rider; she might be able to tell us how she trained a Skrill."

"So, you're not at all concerned that she tried to steal from us?" Astrid asked.

"I'm a dragon trainer Astrid, I have my priorities."

* * *

><p>"What in Thor's name happened?" Flynn cried as Voltage helped Sigrid move into their camp.<p>

"Things got a littleâ€¦ dicey. If Shimmer didn't come back to get Voltage, I would have been in big trouble." Sigrid hissed in pain as she sat down and Flynn began examining her wound.

"Yikes, it looks like it went all the way through. I'll have to snap it and pull it out. Here." Flynn handed her a cloth to bite down on just as he snapped the arrow's shaft and pulled the body out of her shoulder, all the while Sigrid bite hard into the cloth, muffling her pained cries. He had to help Sigrid remove her tunic so he could get to the wound better and he couldn't help blush at the thought of nearly seeing her nude. He quickly averted his eyes away as his cheeks turned bright red. Sigrid held her tunic against her chest with her uninjured arm and sat up so Flynn could dress the wound. As quickly as he could to minimize her pain and to quell his own growing discomfort, he cleaned the wound and wrapped it securely with bandages. Just as he helped her put her tunic back on, Voltage and Shimmer's eyes suddenly narrowed, their pupils turning to slits as low growls escaped their throats.

"What is it, girl?" Flynn asked his Changewing. Shimmer quickly shot acid from her mouth, melting a nearby tree trunk and revealing the hiding Vikings. "Who are you?" he shouted, drawing his crossbow as all the dragons suddenly became hostile and angry, roaring at each other.

"Wait, wait, everyone just calm down!" Hiccup cried over the roaring dragons. "Let's just talk," he said calmly. Toothless and the academy dragons calmed, though Voltage remained angry and hostile to Hiccup.

"Last time I checked, Berk Vikings kill dragons," Sigrid said weakly as Voltage moved over to protect her.

"Yeah, well Berk's changed," Astrid replied.

"Why were you sneaking around our village?" Hiccup asked.

"We needed supplies. We didn't bring our dragons with us because we thought you would kill them," Flynn replied. "Look, I don't have time to talk right now, all right? In case you haven't noticed, my friend here is hurt!"

"Look, why don't you come back with us? We can help fix up your friend," said Hiccup.

"And our dragons?" Flynn asked with suspicious eyes.

"They'll be unharmed. Like I said, we don't kill dragons anymore; we train them," Hiccup answered, happily rubbing Toothless' chest. "If it's all right with you, we'd actually like to learn about your dragons. We've never seen a rider with a Changewing or even a Skrill before!"

"All right," Flynn answered after hesitating to think about it. "But Sigrid gets help first!"

* * *

><p>Hope you all enjoyed that. Keep an eye out for the next chapter ;)

3. Academy Tour

Pretty busy with summer courses (this one right now has quite a lot of work) so it'll be a little bit quiet the next two weeks. But, if I find time, you know I'll get to something ;) Again, this is a short project so the story will be relatively fast-paced.

* * *

><p>"Incredible! A fully trained Changewing!" Hiccup cried in amazement as he closely examined Shimmer while Flynn stood close by. "How did you meet her?"<p>

"Well, she found me actually!" Flynn answered, affectionately rubbing Shimmer's nose. "I was out in the woods collecting some samples for my studies and she just appeared in front of me. I noticed she kept following me around and so I just started training her."

"How exactly? We've come across wild Changewings a lot, but we've never been able to get close enough to train one before," said Hiccup.

"I noticed that Shimmer spent a lot of time just watching me and occasionally, she'd try to copy whatever I was doing."

"Right, I remember the book of dragons saying that Changewings are curious and tend to copy what they see. So, what about your Speed

Stinger?"

"Milo? Well, I found him on one of the trade ships that came to the Haven. He ran around the entire village before Shimmer here finally nabbed him. He was a bit temperamental at first, but when I gave him some food, he calmed down."

"Interesting. We've encountered Speed Stingers before, but never one on it's own. Just recently a whole pack invaded Berk when the ocean froze over. They stole food from the village every night, but we managed to get them back to their home."

"Wow, that sounds intense. You guys have had quite the adventures since you started training dragons, huh?" Flynn asked.

"Haha, you don't know the half of it. If we're not dealing with wild dragons, we're dealing with other tribes like the Outcasts or the Berserkers! I don't know what we'd do without our dragons," Hiccup said, tightly hugging Toothless who groaned pleasurably. "Hey, look who's finally here!" Hiccup and Flynn looked over to see Stormfly and Voltage enter the academy as their riders dismounted.

"Sig, how're you feeling?" Flynn asked.

"Better, though Voltage can't fly as fast without my shoulder hurting," she said. Sigrid's shoulder was bandaged while her right arm rested in a sling.

"Yeah, I'm really sorry about that," Hiccup said nervously.

"Forget about it. I'll be fine," she assured him.

"Well again, if there's anything you two need, anything at all, just let me know."

"Thanks, Hiccup," Flynn said.

"So, these are your dragons?" Hiccup asked.

"Yup! This little guy is Smog," she said, motioning to the Smothering Smokebreath that rubbed against her leg, "and you know the big guy, Voltage."

"We've only seen a Skrill once and that wasn't exactly the friendliest one," said Astrid.

"Well, neither is Voltage, until you get to know him at least. He's not very good around strangers," she said, lightly brushing her hand on Voltage's face to sooth the low growl in his throat as he eyed Toothless and Stormfly.

"It's a good thing Snotlout and the twins aren't here then," Hiccup chuckled.

"Well from what Astrid's told me about them, it's probably a good thing," Sigrid said.

"So, how did you manage to train one of the most violent dragons we've ever seen? After what we saw, Skrills are far too violent to be trained," said Hiccup.

"Well actually, Voltage here originally belonged to the Chief's son in my tribe. You see, in my tribe, girls aren't allowed to learn how to fight, hunt or train dragons," Sigrid explained.

"What? That's barbaric," Astrid said, defiantly crossing her arms.

"Yeah, and Baldr's training techniques involved starving Voltage for days. I snuck into his cage every night to feed him and I guess you could say that we bonded," she said, as Voltage affectionately rubbed his head against her. "The problem was Baldr didn't respect Voltage, so Voltage didn't respect him and wouldn't obey his orders. He responded a lot better to me."

"Because you respected him and showed him compassion," added Hiccup.

"That's right! Then came the problem of us getting caught. My father wasn't exactly happy about his daughter breaking Stormchaser tradition, so he was going to execute me."

"Your own father was going to kill you?" Astrid asked, shocked.

"Yeah, but Voltage saved me and we've been on the run ever since."

"I can't even imagineâ€¦| You know, when my dad found out about Toothless, I was almost certain he was going to kill me," Hiccup shivered.

"And now he's got his own dragon," added Astrid, "really shows how far Vikings have come."

"I wish my tribe was as open to change as yours. Since Voltage helped me escape, they've labeled me as having stolen him from his original rider. They've been after me ever since."

"And they won't let it go?" Hiccup asked.

"Stormchaser men never do."

"So what about you, Flynn? What's your story?" Astrid asked.

"Well, I'm from the Tinkerers," he started.

"Tinkerers? I've never heard of that tribe before," said Hiccup.

"I'm not surprised. The Berserkers nearly wiped us out before I was born. Anyway, when I met and trained Shimmer, I didn't think it'd be a good idea to bring her into my tribe yet, so until they're ready, we're exploring the rest of the world!" Flynn beamed.

"Listen, we appreciate you helping us restock our supplies, but we really should be going. We always have to keep moving in case Baldr and his friends catch up to us," said Sigrid.

"Baldr was Voltage's rider?" Astrid asked.

"Yeah, and he's very eager to get back his 'dragon' that I 'stole.'"

"No offence, Sigrid, but you're in no condition to be leaving, let alone flying Voltage. At least stay until you're completely healed. If Baldr does come, we'll help you drive him away," said Hiccup.

"Oh, you really don't have to. I wouldn't want you to get involved," she said.

"It's the least I can do for, well, shooting you," he chuckled nervously.

"Come on, Sig, we've been on the move all month! It'll be nice to stay in one spot for a while," said Flynn.

"Oh, all right! If you guys insist," she conceded.

"We do!" Astrid smiled.

"So, tell us more about how you trained your dragons," Hiccup started.

* * *

><p>"Sir, the latest news from our scout ships!" Savage cried, running over to Dagur. He narrowly dodged the axe that Dagur threw his way.<p>

"What is it, Savage? I'm very busy, if you haven't noticed," Dagur said, retrieving his axe from the rock wall.

"Two new dragon riders on Berk! They're not part of the Berk tribe, though."

"And why would I care about two dragon riders?"

"Because one of them was riding a Skrill."

Dagur's head snapped up as he slowly turned to Savage. A malicious grin formed across his face as he chuckled darkly. "A Skrill, you say?"

* * *

><p>Uh oh 3 looks like someone else has got their eyes on Sigrid's Skrill.

4. Berserker Attack

**So this chapter will conclude the Berk stuff. It was only going to be for a bit and I honestly want to get to some more important things down the road. Again, this story is just a side project so the pace is pretty quick. **

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><p>"Your arm looks like it's getting better," Flynn noticed.<p>

"Yeah, it's almost healed. The town healer said I'll be ready to fly again by next week," Sigrid answered. "Then we can head out."

"Are you sure you guys want to leave? Why don't you stay? Personally, I'd love to learn more about your dragons," Hiccup suggested.

"It's a generous offer, really, but I think it's for the best. My tribe is still chasing after us and the last thing I want to do is involve you guys," Sigrid insisted.

"Yeah, and given how long we've been here, they're probably catching up to us soon," Flynn added.

"Hiccup!" The three of them turned towards Astrid, who just landed with Stormfly and ran over to them. "We've got trouble!"

"What is it, Astrid?" Hiccup asked.

"We've got intruders approaching on the southern beach," she reported.

"Were they riding dragons?" Sigrid asked.

"No, ships," Astrid clarified.

"Well, it's not Baldr," she sighed in relief.

"Yeah, but this might be just as bad. It's Dagur!"

"Oh great, not him again," Hiccup muttered.

"Who's Dagur?" Flynn asked.

"He's the Chief of the Beserkers and he's been trying to take Toothless from me ever since he found out we trained dragons," Hiccup explained.

"Beserkersâ€¦ that's the tribe that nearly wiped out mine!" Flynn exclaimed.

"Hey, calm down Flynn. The last thing you and I need is for you to get injured too," Sigrid cautioned him.

"Oh don't worry, you can count on me to stay far from the firefight," Flynn replied, pulling out his Changeling scale cloak.

"Whoa, what's that?" Astrid asked in awe.

"Oh, it's a cloak I made from the scales Shimmer sheds. They don't change color on their own, but when the cloak touches Shimmer's skin, the scales will change however she changes," Flynn said demonstrating as he touched a corner of the cloak to Shimmer's body. She changed from her bright red color to a mossy green, causing the cloak to change to that color as well.

"Wow, that's impressive!" Hiccup exclaimed, admiring the cloak.

"Hey, hey! We can all sit here and admire Flynn's cloak later. Don't we have Berserkers to deal with?" Sigrid asked.

"Right, you two should probably stay here. Astrid, you and I will get Snotlout, Fishlegs and the twins and repel Dagur's attack," Hiccup commanded.

"Right!" Astrid acknowledged as the two mounted their dragons and took off.

"I don't like this!" Sigrid noted.

"Oh man, I hate it when you say that," Flynn sighed.

"Come on, let's follow them!" Sigrid declared, hopping onto Voltage's saddle.

"But you're not supposed to be flying yet!" Flynn cried in worry, holding out his arm to stop her.

"Oh relax!" she insisted. "Who said we were going to fly? We can just travel by ground and check out these Berk dragon riders in action from a safe distance."

"Oh well, then I guess it's ok," he said, climbing onto Shimmer's saddle. The pair came to a large peak overlooking the ocean. Just beyond them, they saw a group of Berserker ships under attack from Hiccup and his friends.

"Whoa, look at that, the Skrill is the Berserker emblem," Sigrid pointed out, noticing the black emblem painted on the ship's main sails as she scratched his head. He hummed affectionately, pushing his head further against his hand.

"What are you doing here Dagur? Couldn't get enough of losing to our dragons?" Hiccup taunted.

"I want the Skrill, Hiccup!" Dagur shouted back.

"What are you talking about?"

"I know you have new riders and I know one is riding a Skrill!"

The pair was just close enough to make out the conversation and Flynn quickly shot a glance at Sigrid. "Oh, I have a bad feeling about this."

"Dagur must have had his men scouting Berk when we got here. He knows about Voltage!" Sigrid cried.

"So what do we do?" Flynn asked.

"Hmm!" Sigrid turned back to the battle that was taking place. Dagur and his forces were firing nets and boulders at Hiccup and his friends, forcing them to fall back.

"Uh, Sig, you might want to hurry up with the thinking because we have another problem."

"What?" she asked.

"That!" Flynn shouted, pointing to small black dots in the distance. Sigrid squinted her eyes as the dots grew closer and larger. Finally, she recognized the boy riding atop the large Monstrous Nightmare.

"Gods, it's Baldr!" she cried. "Waitâ€¦ this might actually work in our favourâ€¦" she thought out loud.

"How? How can this possibly be a good thing?"

"Follow me!" she shouted as Voltage took to the skies, Smog following closely.

"But you're not supposed to be, oh what's the point?" Flynn asked himself as Shimmer took off after them.

"Hey Dagur! I heard you wanted my dragon!" Sig shouted, earning Dagur's attention.

"Ah there it is! What a beautiful creature!" he admired loudly "Now, hand over the Skrill!"

"Not gonna happen!" she glared back as Voltage roared loudly.

"Attack!" Dagur shouted. His forces launched nets and boulders at the pair, but they easily managed to dodge each shot while Shimmer shot her acid breath, which ate away at the nets before they could even wrap around her.

"Sigrid!" Sigrid turned when she heard a familiar voice call her name as a large Monstrous Nightmare hovered in front of her and Voltage. "Enough running! If you come quietly, I promise your life will be spared. You've wasted enough of my time with this little rebellion!" Baldr shouted.

"Spared? You mean be forced to live a life of nothing by cooking, cleaning and childbearing? Pass!"

"You're beginning to become more trouble than you're worth, Sigrid. Don't do something you'll regret," he warned her.

"I have no regrets!" she affirmed. "How's your pride doing by the way, since, you know, I wounded it pretty badly when I bested you."

"Why youâ€¦" Baldr grumbled.

"Excuse me, I'm in the middle of a raid here!" Dagur shouted, walking to the bow of his ship.

"And who are you supposed to be?" Baldr asked.

"Dagur the Deranged, Chief of the Beserkers!" he proudly proclaimed. "And I am in the process of taking what is rightfully mine: that Skrill!" he added loudly, pointing to Voltage with his sword.

"What's rightfully yours? That Skrill belongs to me! She stole it!"

Baldr shouted.

"You let a girl steal your dragon? How pathetic!"

"Watch your tone, Beserker! I am Baldr Armstrong, son of the Chief of the Stormchasers!"

"Oh, oh I'm so sorry," Dagur said, feigning remorse. "You see, I'm actually the Chief of my tribe whereas you're just the son of the Chief," he laughed.

"I'll make you eat those words!" Baldr shouted as his group engaged the Beserker fleet, giving Sigrid and Flynn a chance to slip away. They landed back in Berk Village and met up with Hiccup and Astrid.

"Sigrid, you're still hurt. You shouldn't be flying in your condition!" Hiccup cried.

"Yeah I tried telling her that too," Flynn added.

"Look, we don't have a lot of time. Baldr and Dagur are fighting over who gets Voltage. Flynn and I need to get as far away from here as possible before those two catch on!" Sigrid explained.

"Are you guys sure?" Astrid asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry we have to leave like this, but we don't have a choice," she added.

"We loved being here with you guys, but this is what has to happen," Flynn said.

"But-" Hiccup started.

"I didn't want to involve you guys in this and I still don't. I know you want to help, but please," Sigrid insisted.

Hiccup and Astrid exchanged looks before turning back to Flynn and Sigrid. "All right, if you think that's best," he said unsure.

"We do," Sigrid said as she and Flynn exchanged nods.

"We'll miss you," Astrid said, "Nobody else here knows how to fight as well as you Sigrid."

"Thanks, we'll miss you guys too!"

"And if Baldr ever does stop chasing you, you should come by and visit us," Hiccup added.

"We will," Flynn said.

"Ok, you guys should get going, we'll try to keep Dagur and Baldr distracted as long as we can," Astrid reassured them.

Flynn and Sigrid mounted their dragons and, before flying off into the distance, shared one last look with their new friends hoping that this would not be the last time they met.

* * *

><p>Well, I'm sure Sig and Flynn will meet up with Hiccup and co. again someday, but I probably won't write about it XD
Sorry.

5. Captured!

Really getting into writing this now that we're close to the good part :3

* * *

><p>Sigrid pressed her back against the tree trunk, her arrow on the drawstring of her bow so she could be ready to fire. She heard the snap of a twig and quickly came out from behind the tree, her bow fully drawn only to catch a glimpse of the deer rushing off into the thick forest.

"Thor's hammer," she muttered the curse under her breath before trudging into the open clearing where she had tracked the deer to. Voltage came out from the bushes and groaned. "Yeah, it got away. All that tracking was for nothing. If we're lucky, there might be some rabbits nearby," she said, as he nuzzled her leg. All of a sudden, Voltage's body became stiff, his eyes alert as he growled lowly. "What is it, Voltage?" Sigrid asked, drawing her bow. "Is someone out there!" she called.

"Right here!" Sigrid whipped around, ready to aim her arrow at the interloper. She gasped lightly when she saw that it was Baldr, but steeled herself once more as Voltage roared loudly at the Viking before wrapping his tail protectively around Sigrid.

"Baldrâ€|" she greeted, feigning joy while giving him a condescending smile.

"Sigrid, it's time to come home. You can't run forever."

"I can try!"

"Your father wants you executed for what you've done. But if you come quietly, give me back my dragon, I can guarantee your safety."

"And what? Live a life as your servant?" she snapped.

"As my wife. It is your duty!" he shouted.

"My duty is to myself, to Voltage, to my friends! To the people who treat me how I treat them, with respect and honor."

"Ah yes, your new friend, Flynn was his name wasn't it?" Baldr started, casually walking around her. As he walked, Sigrid didn't lower her bow once, even though she could feel the muscles in her arms and shoulders screaming. Like her, Voltage did not break his eye contact with his former master and kept himself ready to attack. "You know, it would be a shame if something bad were to happen to him. He's from the Tinkerers isn't he? They're not exactly known for producing viable warriors."

"Are you threatening him?" she asked, narrowing her gaze at her fianc .

"Why, yes I am," he laughed. "Return with me to Stormchaser Island, take your rightful place as my wife, return my dragon to me, as you should, and I swear - on my honor - that he will remain unharmed."

"Do you honestly expect me to believe that? I know you Baldr, I know the minute I comply with your demands, you'll go back on your word."

"Well, you can't blame a guy for trying, now can you? So, you're not going to change your mind?"

"Not in the slightest," she replied.

"That's too bad," he said, feigning lament. All of a sudden, dragon roars echoed through the sky as a pair of Monstrous Nightmares dropped a large, heavy net over them. The weight attached along the outer edge of the net dragged them down to the ground roughly and Voltage fought violently to free himself from the bindings. "Careful with that Skrill boys, and bind that mouth. We don't want anyone getting hurt, hm?" he ordered, as his friends wrapped rope bindings tightly around Voltage's mouth, cutting off his fire power. He tried electrifying his body, but realized Sigrid was still too close and that she would be caught in the blast. Baldr's friends bound Voltages wings and body tightly, so he couldn't even move. All he could do was emit a low and angry hum as he glared at Baldr who stood triumphantly over him. "At last, you're mine," he grinned.

"Let him go!" Sigrid shouted as two of Baldr's friends freed her from the net, but tightly grabbed her arms to keep her from escaping.

"Now, now, these don't belong here. I think I'll take them instead," Baldr said, seizing her bow, arrows, sword and dagger. "Time to go, boys!" Baldr announced as he climbed atop Brute, who seized Sigrid by her arms before taking to the skies. Another one of the Nightmares grasped a rope and lifted the bound Voltage into the air as they made off into the distance  back to Stormchaser Island.

Once the riders were gone, Smog emerged from the bushes, a sad expression on his face as he whimpered. He flew back to where Flynn as set up their camp and began roaring and flapping his wings crazily.

"Whoa, whoa, Smog, what's wrong?" Flynn asked as Smog began trying to act out what happened, jumping up and down and back and forth. "Uh  Are either of you two getting this?" he asked, as Shimmer and Milo shook their heads and Smog sighed in defeat. "Wait, where's Sigrid and Voltage? They should be back by now," he wondered out loud. Suddenly, Smog perked up and began chirping and jumping. Flynn caught on to this and realized, "Wait  was it Baldr? Did Baldr catch up to us?" Smog nodded. "Oh no, this is bad. Guys what are we going to do?" he asked, but the dragons didn't respond.

Instead, Shimmer stood up and gave Flynn a determined look and a curt nod. "You're right, we have to rescue them. Oh gods, this is not going to be easy. The Stormchasers are known for the fierce warriors.

Look at me! I'm no warrior!" he shouted, nearly tearing out his own hair in anxiety. Shimmer lightly nudged him and hummed affectionately at him. Flynn looked into the eyes of his beloved dragon and knew what she was telling him. "Ok, ok, we might not succeed, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't try. Ok, I'm no fighter, but maybe there's another way we can do thisâ€|"

* * *

><p>Next chapter - Flynn devises a plan to infiltrate Stormchaser Island and rescue Sigrid and Voltage, but will everyone make it out alive?

6. Shimmer of Hope

I really can't wait to get to this part, so here it is!

* * *

><p>Sigrid sat in the far corner of her cell, unsure of exactly how long she had been there. Every few hours, a Viking would come in and deliver a plate of food and some water, but she barely touched it. She had fought so hard to escape this place, have her freedom, only to be brought back and thrown into a cell. A few times now and then, she could hear Voltage's mighty and powerful roar. The last she saw of him, he was being placed in the same cage arena he had been taken to when Baldr first caught him, where they first met and bonded. Sigrid was pulled out of her thoughts when she heard the door to the jailhouse open. She looked up and saw none other than her father standing behind the metal bars that imprisoned her.<p>

"Fatherâ€|" she muttered.

"I don't know what to say to you, Sigrid," he started.

"Then don't say anything. You said everything you needed to when you tried to kill me."

"You defied Stormchaser law! You betrayed us!"

"Who betrayed who, dad?" Sigrid shouted, pushing herself out of her corner and charging up to the bars to confront her father. "Ever since the day I was born, you've resented me! All because I was a girl. I thought if I could learn to fight like the boys do, train a dragon like they do, then I could finally be the son you always wanted! But nothing I did would be enough, I see that now."

Edgar took a deep breath and sighed before looking at his daughter. "That's enough, Sigrid," he bellowed. "Tomorrow, Baldr will retake the Skrill you stole from him and you will be his wife. I'll not tolerate this rebellion any longer!"

"I won't marry him!" she argued.

"You won't have a choice!" he added quickly, before swiftly exiting the jailhouse. Once he was gone, Sigrid angrily threw her food tray against the wall as leftover crumbs flew everywhere. She punched the walls until her knuckles nearly bled before falling back against the wall and onto the ground. She brought her knees in close and coughed,

trying to hold back her despair. Despite her best efforts to stay strong, she couldn't stop the tears from pouring out.

* * *

><p>Flynn peered out from the trunk of a large, thick tree, scanning the village to check for patrolling guards. It hadn't taken them long to get back to Stormchaser Island since Sigrid had shown him the island's location on his map shortly after they met, but Shimmy and Smog nearly got blown out of the sky from the fierce winds that surrounded the island. "Ok," he started, turning back to the three dragons. "Does everyone remember their parts? Shimmer and Milo, you two find Sigrid. Milo's speed and Shimmer camouflage will help keep you two from being discovered. Smog, you and me are gonna cause some chaos and then find Voltage. Got it?" The three dragons barked in unison. "Ok, good. And break!" Shimmer and Milo disappeared in a flash as Smog jumped onto Flynn's shoulder and they carefully snuck into the village.<p>

"Is it just me or is there nobody around?" he asked out loud. Smog agreed with a light bark.

"Come on now, hurry up! We're going to be late for the ceremony!" Flynn quickly ducked behind one of the buildings and watched carefully as two Vikings emerged from one of the huts.

"Baldr's finally getting married, but I still can't believe he wants to marry the Henderson girl after what she did!" the second Viking exclaimed.

"Well he's the Chief's son, he gets to chose whomever he wants!" the first one added as they ran off deeper into the village.

"Ceremony? Baldr must be forcing Sigrid to marry him. We've gotta hurry and find Voltage!" All of a sudden, they heard a loud, shrill roar echo through the village as a white stream of fire shot into the air from a caged arena in the distance. "I'm gonna bet and say he's over there." Once he realized that the entire village was probably at the ceremony, he ran to the caged arena without pause. Inside, he could hear Voltage roaring as he jumped up against the bars, trying to break free. Flynn ran over to the main gate as Smog followed behind him. When he came up to the lever, he struggled to turn it and open the gate, but finally managed to get the lever moving. Voltage heard the gate opening and dashed over, ready to attack, but stopped when he saw that it was Flynn and Smog who freed him. Much to Flynn's surprise, Voltage tackled Flynn and affectionately hummed and rubbed his face against Flynn's body.

"I'm happy to see you too, Voltage! But we've gotta find Sigrid and get out of here," he said. At the mention of his rider's name, Voltage's gaze immediately narrowed. "But before we get to that, what do you say to causing some chaos around the village?" Voltage thought for a moment before smiling at Flynn.

* * *

><p>Edgar roughly pushed his daughter up next to Baldr, who stood smiling triumphantly over finally having what was his. The Chief, Baldr's father stood in front of them as the entire village gathered behind them. Sigrid could spot Halla in the crowd, but when their

eyes met, Halla simply hid behind some of the larger warriors. Sigrid wasn't surprised, not completely. Halla wasn't like her; where Sigrid was always trying to fight the system, Halla was trying her best just to fit into the system. Sigrid did her best to tune out the Chief's words as she silently contemplated her fate. As much fight as she had in her, there was just no logical way she could get out of this. Voltage would be caged and if Baldr couldn't break him, he'd probably kill the Skrill and just capture another one. And what would she be stuck doing? Cooking, cleaning and living a dull life, never being able to feel Voltage beneath her and the wind rush through her hair.<p>

All of a sudden, the Chief froze in the middle of his sentence. "Uh, father? Why did you stop?" Baldr asked, noticing his father frozen in place. Baldr walked up to his father, waving his hand in front of his father's face, but the Chief did not react. All of a sudden, they heard a low growl as a bright red dragon suddenly appeared out of nowhere on one of the pillars that surrounded them. "Changewing!" he shouted as Shimmer let out a blast of acid, causing Baldr and Edgar to jump out of the way.

"Shimmer!" Sigrid exclaimed with a wide smile on her face. Shimmer smiled back and affectionately nuzzled her. Sigrid felt the bindings around her wrists suddenly loosen and she quickly massaged her wrists to soothe the aching pain. Turning around, she saw her liberator was none other than Milo. "Milo!" she cried, tightly embracing the Speed Stinger. "Where's Flynn?" she asked, as Shimmer motioned across the other end of town with one of her leafy tendrils. High in the sky she could see Voltage flying about, setting the village aflame with his white, lightning breath as several of the other 'trained' dragons followed his example. The dragons breathed their fire all across the village, setting everything they could on fire. Though the Stormchaser Vikings tried to regain control, their dragons continued to resist, finally tasting sweet freedom from their abusive masters. What she couldn't see - at least not clearly - was Flynn clinging to Voltage's horns for dear life as he begged the dragon not to fly so fast. "My heroes," she smiled, before moving to Baldr and retaking her weapons. "I'll be taking these back!"

"Not so fast!" Edgar's voice boomed loudly as he stood before her with his sword in hand.

"I got this, guys. Keep the rest busy," she assured them. Shimmer and Milo lingered for a moment before complying with her request.

"You shouldn't have sent them away, my dear. You could have used the extra help," her father snickered.

"I can take care of myself; I have been for years," she grunted as she swung her sword at her father, but he easily blocked it with the shaft of his mace. With one push, he easily shoved her to the ground. Sigrid shouldn't have been too surprised by that. Her father was much larger in frame and stronger than her. If she ran from the top of a hill right into him, he probably wouldn't feel a thing let alone be moved in the slightest.

"You should have been a good daughter and do as you're told!" he shouted, marching over to her and smashing his mace into the ground. Sigrid narrowly managed to roll away from the blow and quickly got back on her feet, sword at the ready.

"This is my life! And I'm the only one who gets to decide how I live it!" she shouted back at him, moving in for another attack. He blocked her sword once again, but Sigrid quickly drew an arrow from her quiver and stabbed it as deep as she could into his arm. Edgar cried out as he felt the arrow pierce his skin. Dropping his mace, he grit his teeth as he pulled the arrow out and tossed it aside before advancing on his daughter, completely ignoring the blood dripping out from his wound.

"You're going to pay for that!" he roared. Sigrid turned her head sharply when she heard Voltage's "now without Flynn riding on his back" roar behind her. She ducked to the ground as Voltage flew low and pushed Edgar right off the edge of the cliffside.

Sigrid ran over to the edge of the cliff and peered over to see her father clinging to the side of the cliff. But, from the looks of it, he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. Without giving it another thought, she lay on the ground and extended her arm down to her father. "Take my hand!" she cried, reaching as far down as she could without falling over herself. Her father simply stared at her with wide eyes while his mind reeled at why his daughter would offer him help after he tried to kill her. Despite Sigrid's offer, Edgar refused to move and take her hand, her offer of help. As the rocks he clung to began to loosen, he slipped and fell into the sharp rock riddled ocean below. Sigrid turned away, not wanting to watch her father fall, but turned back when she heard the splash of water. As the water stilled, no body surfaced, except for Edgar's helmet which floated off out to sea.

Flynn ran through the village, dodging and ducking through the chaos of Viking vs. dragon. He had fallen off Voltage thanks to the dragon's rough flying, but Flynn assured the Skrill that he was all right and Voltage flew off, probably in search of Sigrid. Just as Flynn rounded the corner of one of the houses, an axe flew right into the wall, chipping the wood and just narrowly missing Flynn's nose by an inch. "Whoa!" He looked over to his right, the direction the axe came from and saw Baldr, heavily breathing with a menacing look in his eyes.

"You, this is all your fault!" Baldr shouted, charging at Flynn with his sword raised high. Flynn just managed to block the attack with his crossbow, but the strength of Baldr's strike forced him to the ground. "She was supposed to be my wife! But then she runs off and meets you!"

"There's nothing going on between me and Sigrid! We're just friends!" Flynn insisted.

"Friends? Oh, I don't think so. You should have seen how angry she got when I threatened to hurt you if she didn't come with me. I'm the jealous type, and it's time to eliminate the competition!" he shouted, raising his sword high with the tip faced down towards Flynn. Flynn couldn't feel his body at all, he felt frozen, paralyzed and as Baldr's sword came down to him, he shut his eyes, waiting for the end. But, when he felt no blade pierce his skin, he opened his eyes to see Baldr's sword pierced into something that stood over him, as crimson blood dripped onto the ground. Shimmer suddenly appeared before him, her skin changing back to its bright red as she coughed.

"Shimmer!" Flynn cried in despair, seeing the sword stabbed deep into her back right through her wing.

"Heh, I've never killed a Changewing before. Maybe I'll mount her head on my wall after I'm done with you!" Baldr shouted.

Without even a single thought, Flynn's finger slipped as he pulled the trigger of his crossbow, firing two bolts at Baldr, one into his left shoulder and the second right in the center of his chest. Baldr slowly looked down at the two arrows that pierced him before collapsing onto the ground.

"Flynn! Are you ok?" Sigrid called as Voltage landed beside them and Sigrid jumped out of his saddle. "Oh no!" she gasped, seeing Shimmer's wound.

"Shimmer! Shimmer, come on baby girl, stay with me!" he pleaded, taking her head into his arms. Shimmer smiled at him and nuzzled her rider affectionately.

"Flynn, we have to get out of here," Sigrid whispered tenderly. She didn't want to be insensitive, but they couldn't risk being captured or dying here now that the Chief's son was dead.

"Shimmerâ€|she's injured, she can't move!" Flynn wailed, but Shimmer pulled her head from his arms and stood, roaring proudly and insisting that she could fly. "Shimmer, no, you can't fly! You're hurt!" Despite Flynn's worries, Shimmer refused and struggled to stand, refusing to allow her rider to perish here.

"You should ride with me, Flynn. Shimmer might not be able to carry you," Sigrid said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "The longer we stay here, the worse she'll get!"

"You're right," Flynn conceded. He climbed onto Voltage's saddle behind Sigrid as they took to the skies. As they flew from the island, Sigrid was pleasant to see that no riders were following them, all the Vikings being too busy trying to quell the chaos. As Smog carried Milo, Voltage flew under Shimmer, who struggled to fly with her injury, but still managed from pure will. She'd sway left and right every so often, so Voltage remained beneath her, ready to catch her in case she could fly no longer.

When Shimmer couldn't fly any longer, they landed on a small, uninhabited island. As they landed, Shimmer collapsed onto the ground as Flynn ran to her side, examining her wound which only seemed to have gotten worse. "The wound is too deep," Sigrid said, "and she's lost too much blood. Flynnâ€| I don't think she's going to make it," she whispered sadly.

"No! No, no, no, Shimmer! You have to make it, you have to!" he pleaded, taking her head into his arms once again as he looked into her big, bright yellow eyes. "I need you, Shimmer! I don't know what to do without you! You're my best friend!" he sniffled as tears flowed down from his eyes uncontrollably. Sigrid stood back from Flynn, trying to hold back her tears while Voltage, Smog and Milo hung their heads and groaned sadly. As Flynn cried over Shimmer's head, she nudged his lightly, causing him to look at her. She smiled at him before licking his face weakly. "I love you too, Shimmer," he

whispered as he felt Shimmer go limp and her eyes droop shut. When he couldn't hear her thick breathing anymore, he broke down and cried over her, as if hoping that some godly power would bring her back to him.

* * *

><p>I thought it would be fun to kinda switch up the riders and their dragons. You know, play with how Sigrid and Flynn would work with each other's respective dragons. I honestly have to say that it was hard not to cry while writing this. I actually starting tearing up and sniffing. I don't think that's ever happened before :'(

Next chapter - While Sigrid settles into the Haven, Flynn deals with the loss of his dragon.

7. Good Fortune

Well, I'm honestly glad to see the reactions from the last chapter. You guys weren't expecting that, were you? Sure I'm betting many of you were hoping that Baldr and Edgar would get their comeuppance, but did you expect Shimmer would die too? It would have been easy to make it so Shimmer didn't die, but the reality is, the heroes don't always make it even when they win.

But, there's always a silver lining, isn't there?

* * *

><p>Shimmer was gone. No matter how many times they played it over in their heads, they could barely believe that the Changewing was dead. They had taken her body back to the Haven, Flynn's home and where they first met, as Voltage just managed to carry her body and the two riders. Flynn's village was initially alarmed at the sight of a Skrill flying for their village, but Flynn explained to them â€" in as little words as possible â€" that he had succeeded in training a dragon, a brave and beautiful dragon that gave her life to save his. Sigrid did think of the possibility of the Stormchasers coming after her again â€" if not for her earlier "crimes" but at least for Baldr's death â€" but she decided not to run anymore. If they came, she would fight. But after all the damage they caused before escaping and the chances of them recapturing and "training" their dragons, it didn't seem likely that they would find her. The Tinkerers would need time to adjust, but Flynn didn't care about that now.<p>

"What do you want to do with her?" Sigrid asked, as a white sheet was placed over Shimmer's body.

"I want to bury her," he answered.

"Y-you don't want to give her a ship funeral?" she asked.

"Vikings take their ships to Valhalla; Shimmer can fly. She doesn't need a ship," he responded plainly.

"O-ok, where do you want to bury her?" she asked. It felt strange to bury the dead when their traditions were to cremate them at sea. But then again, Sigrid was certainly one talk when it came to breaking

tradition.

Flynn thought for a moment before answering, "Where we first met." The pair traveled deep into the woods as Voltage pulled a wooden carriage with Shimmer's body. He was careful to move slowly, worrying that he would tip over the cart if he went too fast or a wheel bumped over a root or rock. "This is the place," he said as they came to an open clearing in the woods. "I was sitting right over there," he pointed, "and she came out from this tree. I remember how scared at was, but she didn't attack me. She just looked at me with those big, bright golden eyes. She only copied everything I did. I thought it was so cute," he laughed, recalling the memory fondly.

"Should we get started?" Sigrid asked, pulling out the shovels from the carriage.

"No, I want to do it myself," he said, taking a shovel from her.

"Flynnâ€¦" she said in concern.

"Please, I want to be able to do this for her on my own! All my life I've had people helping me with everything. If I can't do this one thing on my own for my dragon, then what good am I? d" he pleaded as his voice nearly cracked. Sigrid could see him fighting back the tears, so she conceded and sat off to the side with the rest of their dragons as they watched Flynn struggle to dig the grave for hours. By the time he finished, it was sundown and his hands were so sore and covered in blisters. Voltage slowly lowered the wooden board that Shimmer was placed on into the grave as Flynn and Sigrid stood next to the grave. When Voltage finished lowering her body, he took his place behind them.

"Do-do you want to say something?" Sigrid asked meekly.

Flynn sniffled and nodded before clearing his throat. "I uh, I never thought in a million years that I'd meet a dragon. And then you came into my life, a beautiful, curious little dragon. You're my best friend Shimmer," he whispered as tears streamed down his face. "When I met you, I was looking for ways to help my tribe. And meeting you made me realize that we can live peacefully with dragons. You brought me hope, Shimmer. You were my hope!" Flynn began to break down, weeping uncontrollably before barely managing to recompose himself. "I love you Shimmer and you'll always be in my heart, always." He tearfully reached down and grabbed a handful of dirt before lightly sprinkling it over the white sheet that covered Shimmer's body. Flynn took the shovel in his hands again, this time, filling the grave he dug, again on his own. He refused to let Sigrid and their dragons help and even shooed Smog and Milo when they tried to help while he wasn't looking. As much as they wanted to help him, for they too cared for and loved Shimmer, they knew that this was important to Flynn that he do it on his own.

Weeks passed after Flynn buried Shimmer and since then, Sigrid moved into his house in the Tinkerer's village. The villagers started getting used to Voltage and after a few free rides, began expressing interest in training their own dragons. In response to this, the village elder called for a dragon training academy of their own and named Sigrid it's headmaster, to teach the village how to train dragons and care for them. Construction began immediately, along with

stables for dragons, with Sigrid overseeing the operation. They had based their decision not only on the fact that Sigrid had more hands on experience with training a species of dragon known for it's violence, but also because Flynn didn't seem like he'd be up for the task. Though Sigrid embraced her new role, she couldn't help but worry about Flynn, who barely came out of his house since Shimmer's death. His workshop, which sat right next to his house, was already beginning to gather dust from the neglect.

"Flynn, it's been weeks, you need to get out of the house and do something!" she insisted, walking into his room without even bothering to knock and opened the shutters to let in some light and fresh air. When he didn't answer, she sat next to him on his bed and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Velius," she said, calling him by his first name - a rarity in itself and a sign that she was being serious, "please, we're all worried about you: me, Milo, Volt and Smog, even the whole village. There's only so many times I can tell them that you still need time after every time they ask how you're doing. At least, come down to your workshop or something. Shimmer wouldn't want you to live like this! I know that I can't possibly know what you're going through but think about what she'd want for you. Wouldn't Shimmer want you to be happy?"

"But how can I possibly be happy when my dragon is dead? How Sigrid?" he shouted.

"I don't know, Flynn," Sigrid shouted back before speaking tenderly once more, "but I know that with time, all wounds heal. Just, come outside for a little bit, please?" she begged.

"Ok," he sighed, dragging himself off his bed and out the house to his workshop.

"So, what sort of things would you do here?" Sigrid asked, examining all the different tools he had hanging on the wall and sheets of notes scattered across the workbench.

"Studying some of the plant life around the island, maybe make some tools or plan out ways to help the villager's do their work faster and easier."

"You really wanted to help out your tribe, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah," he answered, uninterested in his own workshop at this point.

"And all my tribe ever did was try to kill me," she muttered. "Hey, when did you find a Stone of Good Fortune?"

"What are you talking about?" Flynn asked, coming over to her.

"A Stone of Good Fortune. There's one in your satchel," she said, pulling out the bright, rainbow colored, glowing stone from the satchel that sat on his workbench since they buried Shimmer. "I thought they were a lot smaller," she commented, holding the large stone in both her hands. "Whoa!" Sigrid dropped the stone onto the workbench.

"What happened?" Flynn asked.

"It moved! I felt it move!" she cried, pointing at the stone.

"It's smokingâ€¦ why is it smoking?" Flynn asked, moving his face closer to the stone to examine it. All of a sudden, Voltage ran up to them and wrapped his wings around their bodies as the stone exploded. The force of the explosion was so forceful that it pushed them right out of Flynn's workshop. Voltage landed on his back while Sigrid and Flynn lay on top of him. "What was that?" Flynn shouted.

"Ok, the last time I heard, Stones of Good Fortune don't explode! Why did that explode!" Sigrid exclaimed, climbing off of Voltage as he stood back up. As the dust settled from the explosion, Flynn crept back into his workshop, as Smog and Milo followed, curiously exploring the wrecked workshop.

"That's because it wasn't a Stone of Good Fortune," Flynn said, coming to a stop.

"What was it then?" Sigrid asked, walking up to him as he bent down to the ground.

Sigrid gasped as the dust settled and on the ground sat a large, round Changewing hatchling. The hatchling had the same bright red coloration, yellow wings and eyes, dark teal on the ends of her wings and feet, just like Shimmer. The hatchling yawned widely, allowing the pair to make out the small baby teeth. Flynn reached down to the Changewing and picked the hatchling up just under its front legs. "It was a Changewing egg," Flynn realized. The Changewing smiled and giggled, chirping happily as it tried to reach for Flynn's face.

"He's beautifulâ€¦" Sigrid admired.

"She," Flynn corrected. "Female Changewings have wider abdomens and longer tendrils than males." As he spoke, Flynn's eyes remained locked to the little hatchling, which was still playfully trying to touch Flynn's face. When Flynn brought the Changewing closer to him, she placed her front claws on either side of his cheeks before licking his nose. In an instant, Flynn broke down once more, but this time, the tears he shed were tears of joy. He brought the Changewing into his chest and hugged her tightly, but not tight enough to crush the newborn, who purred affectionately as it nuzzled deeper into Flynn's arms before falling asleep.

"Shimmer must have laid it before you guys came to save us," Sigrid noted.

"But, why didn't she tell me about it?" he wondered, careful not to wake the little baby.

"Changewings tend to be very secretive about their eggs. They like to hide them in the safest place they can find before they hatch. Shimmer must have felt that the safest place for her egg was with you," Sigrid smiled. "What are you going to call her?" she asked, as Voltage and Smog came up behind her, carefully sniffing and examining the baby while Milo tried to get a look at the baby dragon, jumping in hopes of catching a glimpse.

"I'll call her Fortuna, my 'good fortune'," he said, smiling for the first time since he lost his dragon, for the little hatchling truly

was something of good fortune.

* * *

><p>So? What'dya think of that? Once D-Sniper and I decided that we wanted to kill off Shimmer, we knew right away how to introduce a new dragon for him: Shimmer's hatchling and we saw it playing out exactly like that. Now, I don't know anything about Changewing egg stages beyond what the TV series showed us, but I think those Changewing eggs we saw were a tad too small, at least compared to the other dragon eggs we saw in the series and Gift of the Night Fury. So, I made this "stone of good fortune" bigger and figured it explodes like other eggs (unless the series is going to say otherwise)

**Fortuna is latin for "fortune" and is also the name of the Roman goddess of fortune and personification of luck. Fortuna's name is a reference to the fact that Changewing eggs largely resemble "Stones of Good Fortune". Initially, we were going to call her Shimmer II, but Fortuna popped into my head while writing and we liked that better. **

So I guess the only chapters left now are for some SigridxFlynn action and maybe another dragon to have his own hatchlings ;) Unless you guys have some suggestions!

8. New Arrivals

I'm glad you guys liked what I did with the last two chapters. Sure a sad thing happened, but something good happened later too :) More good things to come!

* * *

><p>"Still nothing?" Flynn asked, climbing up onto the roof of their house. Sigrid had gotten into the habit of perching there every morning and every night, hoping to catch a glimpse of her Skrill, Voltage.<p>

"No," she sighed sadly. "I'm getting worried, Flynn. Voltage wouldn't just up and leave without a good reason and he's been gone for nearly a week!"

"I'm sure he'll be back. Maybe he's just busy doing something," he said, trying to reassure her. He wrapped his arm around her shoulder, giving her a reassuring squeeze. Sigrid, surprised by the movement, turned her neck to look at him. Flynn's cheeks flared red as he quickly removed his arm and pretended to scratch his head while Sigrid chuckled lightly.

"Maybeâ€¦ I just hope he gets back soon. I can't hunt or teach when I'm stressed. Fortuna's certainly growing," Sigrid commented, as the Changewing casually strolled up to their house with big eyes and a wide smile. Fortuna had grown rather quickly over the past few months since her egg hatched. But when it did, it was like that light of joy inside Flynn just came flooding back.

"Yeah, she's getting bigger and bigger every day!" Flynn beamed. "I know she's not Shimmer and I would never try to replace her, but at

least like this it feels like she's still here with us."

"Hm, maybe I should check to see if Voltage hid any secret eggs around."

"Relax, he'll be back before you know it."

"I guess there isn't much I can do except wait. Not like I can track him either. Come on, I want to do some shooting."

"Ok, I'll get my crossbow!" Flynn exclaimed.

"Oh no, no, no, I think it's time you learned the traditional form of archery," Sigrid smirked as she held up her bow.

"But you know I'm no good at that! Why do you think I use a bow that pulls back and fires for me! I have like no upper body strength!" Flynn protested.

"You don't need strength. You just need a keen eye and the right stance. You're already a great shot, so I can teach you the proper shooting technique. Come on," she said, taking his hand as they climbed down the roof. With Fortuna, Smog and Milo following behind them, Sigrid and Flynn made their way to the Academy campus. It took a few weeks, but they managed to complete a large and beautiful campus complete with stables for the dragons, a small hut in which Sigrid would teach her lessons and obstacles courses, both ground and air. It was truly an impressive sight; the Haven Dragon Academy.

"All right," Sigrid began, tossing her bow to Flynn, "load the arrow into the bow and pull back on the drawstring."

"Like this?" he asked, just managing to pull back the drawstring slightly. His arms shook furiously as he struggled to keep the bow drawn.

"Farther," she commented.

"Farther? This is as far as I can go!"

"Here, let me help," she said, coming over to him. She placed her hands over his and with her right hand over his, she helped him pull the drawstring back farther. "You'll want to draw the bowstring back to your mouth is right by your lip," she said, pulling his hand back to that it rested right on his cheek. "Line up the shot," she continued, helping him aim at the target, "and fire!" She let go of Flynn and stepped back so he could take the shot, but without her there, Flynn immediately lost his grip and the arrow went flying off high up into the trunk of one of the trees. Fortuna leapt onto the tree and grasped the arrow's shaft with her tendril, pulling it out of the tree trunk and happily returning it to Flynn, who gave her an affectionate scratch under her chin, causing the young Changewing to twitch her leg.

"Ehehe," Flynn laughed as he nervously scratched his head and turned to face Sigrid, "I guess I'm not as cut out for this as you are."

"Nonsense, it just takes some practice. You should have seen me the

first time I fired an arrow. I didn't even hit the tree that I had my target on. Come on, let's try that again." Sigrid and Flynn spent the next few hours working on his archery, and he was slowly improving with each shot, though he still needed Sigrid's help with pulling the drawstring back far enough. Eventually, it became less about improving his strength and aim and more of a contest between Fortuna, Smog and Milo over who could retrieve Flynn's arrow the fastest. Fortuna and Smog were evenly matched, but Milo wasn't able to retrieve the ones that were shot high up into the tree. By the time he struggled to climb up to where the arrow was shot, Fortuna or Smog would have already retrieved it.

"Haha, well I'm glad to see someone's enjoying themselves with my archery failure," Flynn laughed.

"Hey, you're getting better. You may not be hitting the bull's eye but you're at least hitting the target," Sigrid complimented. "Come on, I'm getting hungry and it's your turn to make dinner tonight!"

"It's always my turn to make dinner and that's only because you hate to cook!"

"Yeah, because it was one of the many things I was forced to do!"

"Well, even so, I actually think you're quite good at it," he complimented.

"Uhuh, flattery won't get you anywhere," she teased.

"Wellâ€¦ maybe I can try something else," he said, walking up to her. This had been on Flynn's mind since his encounter with Baldr. Flynn couldn't deny that Sigrid was pretty, but Flynn ran the possibility of them getting together over and over again in his head. What was he compared to the stronger, more handsome and capable warriors she'd known in the Stormchasers. But when he was fighting her fiancÃ©, Baldr, the chief's son had implied that Sigrid had feelings for him. But Flynn had to be reasonable. For all he knew, Baldr was just saying that to throw him off and gain the upper handâ€¦ but why would Baldr need the upper hand? He was already far stronger and more skilled in battle than Flynn was. So maybe what he was saying was true? Maybe that anger Baldr held for Flynn was jealousy? Jealousy that out of the two of them, Sigrid preferred Flynn? Flynn couldn't deny that he was nervous, gods, he never thought in a million years he would tell a girl how he felt about her. But if there was one thing he learned from Shimmer's passing, it was that at any moment something could happen, to either of them. And if he was going to die, he didn't want to die without at least knowing if she felt the same way as him. When he finally swallowed the knot that was building up in his throat, he gently took Sigrid's hand in his before placing his right hand on her shoulder.

"Flynn? What are you doing?" she asked tenderly. Flynn didn't answer. Instead, he moved his right hand up from her shoulder to cup her cheek, bringing her face closer to his as he gently placed his lips over hers. Thousands of thoughts were flooding Flynn's mind and he could barely focus on them. All he could focus on was himself and Sigrid. But when Sigrid didn't respond or even move, he pulled away, blushing furiously as he nervously scratched his head and looked

away.

"Uh, sorry, Sig. I, eh, don't know what came over me," he muttered. Sigrid didn't say anything. Instead, she pulled Flynn back towards her by the collar of his jacket as their lips met instinctively wrapped his arms around Sigrid's waist, bringing her body closer to his as his hands rested on her upper and mid back. Sigrid removed her hands from Flynn's collar and wrapped her arms around his neck as she buried her fingers into his thick, long hair and deepened the kiss. When they pulled away, they stared at each other in silence while they caught their breath. "Whoa, Sigrid, that wasâ€¦ whoa," Flynn exhaled, unable to find the words as his thoughts kept racing from what just happened.

"You should talk. I never expected you to be soâ€¦ so forward," she said, impressed.

"I guess you could say since I lost Shimmer, I don't want to have any regrets. I don't want you to be one of my regrets, Sigrid," he said to her with a serious, yet tender look in his eyes. "I love you, Sigrid."

Sigrid gasped and was taken aback slightly. She wasn't expecting Flynn to confess, at least not before her! She knew her feelings for him were growing as they spent more and more time together, but she just wasn't sure how to approach the subject. Should she be aloof or direct? Obviously it didn't matter in the end. "I love you too, Flynn."

"Y-you do?" he asked surprised, as if her reciprocation of his kiss wasn't enough confirmation. "I figured you'd be more into someone stronger than me."

"You mean like Baldr? Flynn I grew up surrounded by men who did nothing but keep me from being who I am and doing what I want. I can be myself around you, not to mention the fact that you don't get all moody and upset by the fact that I'm a better fighter."

"That's actually my favourite part about you," he smiled.

"Hehe, you don't give yourself enough credit, Flynn. You have the strongest, bravest heart out of anyone I've ever known. That's my favourite part of about you," she smiled back.

"Oh, come here you," he chuckled, bringing her in for another kiss.

A few days later, Sigrid and Flynn were woken up early in the morning by a thundering roar that echoed through the skies. "Flynn! Did you hear that?" Sigrid asked, barging into his room.

"What was that?" he asked, rubbing his eyes as he sleepily pulled himself out of bed.

"It's Voltage!" she exclaimed, spotting a large, dark dragon in the distance flying towards the Haven. Without hesitation, Sigrid ran down the stairs and out of the house to greet her dragon. Voltage was carrying something wrapped in an old torn sail that he set down first before landing in front of Sigrid. "Voltage! Where have you been? I've been worried sick!" she scolded after hugging him tightly.

"What's that you've got there?" she asked, lifting up the old sail. She gasped at the sight of what lay inside the sail: five large, dark colored eggs with a purple, electric aura.

"Sigrid, what is it?" Flynn asked, joining up with her as the rest of their dragons followed. Smog and Flynn playfully examined the eggs with Sigrid while Fortuna happily nuzzled up to Voltage, excited that he was finally home.

"This is why you left? You went to have babies?" Sigrid asked as Voltage affectionately nuzzled his rider.

"Interestingâ€¦ traditionally, Skrills abandon their eggs once they're hatched," Flynn examined.

"You didn't want to abandon your babies, did you?" Sigrid asked, as Voltage furiously shook his head. "Well, it looks like we've got some new arrivals!"

* * *

><p>With the way this is looking, the next chapter might be the last. Also, I've been thinking about an AU story. I posted about it on deviantart, but I know some people don't have accounts on both sites like I do. Basically, the idea is that what if Hiccup was taken by Cloudjumper along with Valka? How differently would Hiccup turn out and how would he interact with a Berk tribe that still kills dragons? I haven't decided if I'll write it with Hiccup as Hiccup or with him as my genderswap. I've got a few ideas already but I'm interested to hear what you guys think of that: ideas, concerns, suggestions, etc.

**Now I just want to make some things clear: Fortuna is the offspring of Shimmer and an unnamed Changewing while Voltage's eggs are his offspring with an unnamed Skrill. Apparently there was some confusion surrounding this so I wanted to clear that up. The eggs are Voltage's not just ones he found like with Thornado and Bing, Bam and Boom. To see Fortuna and the eggs, head over to my deviantart. Also, I made up certain facts about Skrills, namely their tendency to abandon their own children. The series didn't show us much about Skrills beyond the two parter in season 2, so I'm filling in some blanks with what I think would work. Basically, that means that Voltage was abandoned by his own parents and forced to survive on his own since he was a baby. This often led to a lot of in-fighting with his siblings over resources and survival. **

9. For the Dancing and the Dreaming

**Well, here we are, the final chapter. At least I'm pretty sure. Who knows, I might get an inspiration later for something more, but unless that happens, this is the last chapter. **

* * *

><p>To say that Sigrid was happy with her life in the Haven would be an understatement. She had a wonderful young man in her life, who never forced her to be something she didn't want to be, and she had her dragons. Well, she had a lot of dragons now. When Voltage brought his eggs back, Flynn devised a way for the eggs to safely hatch so

that nobody could get hurt from the explosion like they almost did when Fortuna hatched. When the eggs would start shaking furiously, they would place the eggs in a cauldron filled with water. Flynn believed the submergence would absorb the force of the explosion and the hatchlings would just swim up to the surface.<p>

The first one to hatch was female, the only female of Voltage's brood. She was a dark, crimson color and have light blue coloration on the tips of her wing talons and spines. The first thing Flynn had pointed out was how much they looked alike: the red scales and blue spines resembling Sigrid's red hair and blue eyes. But the similarities didn't stop there. The little hatchling was very fierce and always eager to prove herself in strength and speed. Plus, on stormy nights, she would always fly out into the middle of the storm, undaunted by how dangerous it was. For this reason, they decided to name her Stormchaser, after Sigrid's home tribe as well as Sigrid herself for the title she attained by training a Skrill, though her tribe would not acknowledge the title.

The next hatchling was dark purple, just like Voltage, but had light pink flame patterns on the back of his wings and on his feet and a pale red flame pattern on the inside of his wings. Out of all the hatchlings, he was the cool, lone wolf. He didn't seem to want to play like the rest of his siblings did and preferred just to perch atop high rocks and look out onto the world below him. One thing he did enjoy was hunting, which he often did with Sigrid. He would only ever agree to hunt with her, probably because he felt she was the only one who was equal to him in skill. Either way, the pair made for a deadly duo, much like Sigrid and the hatchlings' father, Voltage. They named him Firebolt for his flame patterns.

The third to hatch was dark blue with light blue stripes down his body. After he hatched, he almost refused to come out of the cauldron. He just loved swimming in the water, a trait considered strange among non-Tidal class dragons. But that never stopped him. In fact, bath time was his favourite time of the day! And when it was raining, he would run outside and fly around in the rain and splash in puddles until either the rain stopped or Voltage called him back in. So, they named him Raincatcher.

The fourth hatchlings was as black as the night sky, but he had bright, golden circle all over his body. He was by far the largest and roundest of the brood. Sigrid was going to name him Black Wind, but changed her mind when she noticed one very important detail about the black Skrill: he was an insatiable glutton. Out of all the hatchlings he ate the most and usually ended up finishing whatever his siblings could not, that is after trying to steal a bite beforehand. Sadly, though, this made him the slowest flier out of the babies. So instead of Black Wind, she called him Heavy Wind.

Finally, there was Skyscorcher, the youngest and last one to hatch. He was dark green, but the lower half of his wings and his snout were light green and he had a light green stripe running down his spine from the back of his head just below his head spikes to the end of his tail. Out of all the hatchlings, he had the most wild personality by far. Always setting things ablaze here and there. It wasn't out of malice or anything, Skyscorcher just liked, well, scorching things. This often earned him a lengthy scolding from Voltage and his sister Stormchaser.

Ever since Voltage's babies hatched, life on the Haven went from being peaceful and quiet to rather hectic and chaotic, but in the good way. There were five extra mouths to feed and each of those mouths belonged to a highly energetic little dragon. One of the strangest things was how attached to Sigrid the hatchlings had become. Nearly every night she would wake up with each of the hatchlings curled up to her in bed when she was certain they were sleeping with Voltage. Flynn said it was probably because she was the first thing they saw when they hatched. Technically she was, since she placed their eggs into the cauldron one by one and pulled them out after hatching. They knew Voltage was their dad, probably because he was the only other Skrill around or maybe it was just instinctual. Was it because of her close bond with Voltage as dragon and rider that the babies assumed her to be their "mother"? Flynn joked about how it could be good practice for the future. When Sigrid asked him what he meant by that, he got all flustered and blushed intensely, stumbling over his words as he tried to change the subject. She loved teasing him, especially how silly he got when she would tease him.

But that brought up another thought. Sure they had only been together romantically for a few months, but they had known each other long before they got together. Neither of them could imagine their lives with another person. Before Sigrid even realized what she was thinking about, she thought, _'When will we get married?_' Turns out, she'd get the answer to her question much sooner than she thought for later that month, Flynn had taken her out into an open field of beautiful flowers, took both her hands in his and bent down to one knee. From a pouch on his belt, he pulled out a silver band that he held between his thumb and index finger.

"Sigrid, will you marry me?" he has whispered to her. Sigrid remembered that moment as clear as day. As soon as she saw that band, she felt every muscle in her body go numb as all the sounds around her drowned out and all she could hear was a loud ringing noise. She was pulled out of her deep thoughts when Flynn called her name for the second time— or third, she wasn't entirely sure. She looked down at him, a hopeful expression across his face before smiling and happily accepting her proposal.

And that's what brought them to today. The whole village had been excited about the wedding, probably because most of them thought that Flynn wouldn't actually find a wife! But, that only made them all the more excited for the couple. Some of the other girls insisted on putting flowers in Sigrid's hair. She was against it at first, but they outnumbered her and Voltage didn't seem to care to help her out of this situation. But she wouldn't lie, when she looked at herself in the reflection of her sword, she felt pretty. She never thought in a million years that she would be wearing a dress either, but the soft, white fabric just felt so right. The girls left her alone with her dragons to finish up the preparations for the ceremony. As soon as she sat down, the five Skrill babies dashed up to her: Heavy Wind settled in her lap, with his big round belly up while Skyscorcher and Raincatcher nuzzled her legs and Stormchaser perched on her shoulders. Firebolt stood on the table next to her, carefully sniffing the flowers in her hair.

"Hey there, careful now," she said, pulling her hair away from Firebolt slightly. "The girls worked hard on this. Aw, it's ok," she

added, giving Firebolt an affectionate scratch under his chin. Voltage came over to his rider and shooed his babies away, causing them to scatter. Sigrid sat up to greet her dragon, taking his head into her arms and hugging him tightly. "Can you imagine where we'd be if we hadn't met? You and I would still be stuck on Stormchaser Island, I'd be married to a scumbag and you'd be carrying him around all the time. And could you imagine where Flynn might be?" she asked, as Voltage purred affectionately. "So, Voltage, there's sort of a thing with weddings where the father of the bride walks her down the aisle and gives her away to the groom. Obviously, my dad can't do the job, so I was wondering if you could maybe do it?" she asked. Voltage lightly licked her cheek, causing Sigrid to giggle, "I'll take that as a 'yes'!"

When it came time for the ceremony, Voltage walked his rider down the aisle as the villagers gathered on either side of the aisle. Voltage handed Sigrid over to Flynn, who was dressed in his usual clothes, but had a long fur cloak instead of his light brown jacket. Flynn took Sigrid's hands into his own as Voltage - with his babies following behind him - moved to stand just behind her with Smog while Fortuna and Milo stood behind Flynn. The village elder began speaking, but Sigrid and Flynn weren't paying too much attention to her. All they did was stare into each other's eyes, smiling at each other. When the elder pulled them out of their trance, Sigrid and Flynn exchanged their vows and placed the wedding bands on each other's fingers. The village rejoiced and cheered as the couple kissed.

Some time after this, the elder declared Flynn the Chief of the Tinkerers because of all his efforts and achievements in helping his people. Sigrid was still the headmaster of their training academy and held frequent training sessions and lessons for the Tinkerers. By the next year, their family grew once more. Sigrid gave birth to triplets, one girl and two boys.

First was Sigurd, whom they named after the Norse hero, though Flynn made a joke every so often that Sigrid wanted to name their son after herself, a notion she has denied to this day. But, like the hero he was (supposedly) named after, Sigurd was brave, just and an excellent warrior. He spent a lot of time with Stormchaser and Skyscorcher, always trying to sharpen his fighting skills as the three sparred with each other.

The second they named FrÃ|nir, after the dragon slain by Sigurd the hero. Out of the triplets, FrÃ|nir was the quiet one. Like his mother, he was a perfect shot and loved hunting, often going out with Firebolt. Sigrid and Flynn often joked about how their middle child was so similar to Firebolt, especially in personality and temperament. Looks like the two lone wolves had formed their own little pack.

And the last and only girl of the trio they named Alva. Where Sigurd and FrÃ|nir took after their mother, there was no doubt that Alva was daddy's little girl. She didn't seem to like fighting and hunting like her brothers did and instead spent most of her time with Flynn in his workshop, learning everything he knew about dragons, the world and, well, everything! Her favourite two dragons were Raincatcher and Heavy Wind, whom she would often sneak extra food for. Every other meal, Sigrid or Flynn would catch Alva purposely giving her food to Heavy Wind and then asking for seconds.

Even with the Stormchasers no longer coming after her, Sigrid's life was still as hectic as ever. Between running the academy, being a mother to her triplets AND Voltage's hatchlings, she was always busy doing something. But if there was one thing she knew, it was that she had absolutely no regrets. Meeting that Skrill was the best thing that ever happened to her.

* * *

><p>So, thoughts? Not only did I introduce Voltage's babies, but Sigrid and Flynn's as well! Not sure if I'll draw them, but you can see Voltage's babies on my deviantart.

Oh and I called this chapter "For the Dancing and the Dreaming" because ever since I heard that song, I couldn't help but imagine Sigrid and Flynn singing that (or something similar) at their own wedding :3 (of which there is also a picture for on my deviantart)

End
file.